By the "Queen of the

The Story of Audrey Munson by the Most Perfect, Most Ve Models, Whose Face and Figure

WHAT is it that has made Miss Audrey Munson the undisputed "Queen of the Studios" for more than ten years?

Of the two hundred and more of the foremost artists and sculptors of the United States for whose masterpieces she has been the inspiration probably each one would give a different answer to the question.

Francis Jones found in her face the purity and sweetness he needed for the stained glass angels in the Church of the Ascension in New York; and the great MacMonnies found in her the inspiration for his voluptuous bacchanalian Sybarite. William Dodge used her bubbling vivacity for the "Spirit of Play" in the Amsterdam Theatre frescoes, and yet her serious dignity won for Adolph Weinman the prize in the competitive statues to adorn the top of the great New York Municipal Building—and there Audrey Munson stands as "Civic Fame," cast in copper, a gigantic figure twenty feet tall.

Sherry Fry could find no one to typify maidenly innocence so well as Miss Munson, and his appealing "Maidenhood" hangs on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; but Allen Newman also found in her the inspiration for his "Southern Motherhood," which caps the pinnacle of the Capitol of the State of South Carolina, and yet for the sophisticated woman of the world the sculptress Evelyn Longman selected her for her "L'Amour" at the Metropolitan Museum. So, too, Kon eled from her his charming "Widowhood," zel his charming but frivolous "Madame fly" Pietro his "Suffering Humanity" and his impressive and serious "Priestess of C

From the carved caryatides which supp mantelpiece in the main saloon of Mr. M yacht the "Corsair," from the exquisite ta of Herter in the George Vanderbilt home, f souvenir dollar of the San Francisco World from the smiling water nymph on the edg pool in John D. Rockefeller's Tarrytown from the stone angels on a hundred chu cathedral altars, from 24,000 feet of mural tions and scores of groups of statuary at t American Exposition, the face and fig Audrey Munson look down upon the passi titude or adorn the homes of patrons of ar

Throughout the length and breadth United States, in libraries, museums, priva leries, town and country residences, public ings, fountains, churches, bridges, public and parks and private lawns and estates th famous of all American artists' models in endless variety.

Audrey Munson has written the story life, the incidents and episodes behind the in the studios, the unknown history of the t tion of many masterpieces in public and art collections, the strange eccentricities and ods of the artists—and the distressing tr of the pretty models who lacked moral bal safeguard them from the perils of the in atmosphere of the studios. Audrey Munso cinating story will be told from week to w this page.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

Piccirilli's statue of "Rain," in making which he modelled from the figure of Mabel Normand, now a motion picture star, but used Audrey Munson's face to "tone down" the total effect.

PHOTO BY MISHKIN, N.Y.

Miss Mabel Normand, showing the face which Sculptor Piccirilli rejected in making his combination statue because it was "too merry."

CHAPTER V.

By Audrey Munson

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

THE lure of the studios is an intangible glamor which few work-a-day people of an everyday world can understand. It is something, too, which even I, who have lived all my life so far among the paints and pastels and clays of the studio workshops, have never quite measured.

This studio world is a veritable market place of vanities—the vanity of artists that must be pampered and humored; the vanity of beautiful women that must be played on, drawn out and fostered, or, in so many cases, submitted to.

I have never met a beautiful woman, of society environments or working class, who did not want to be either painted or sculptored. I have met thousands who thought it their duty to take the place of professional models and thus make masterpieces more masterful because they thought their own charms excelled those of the models whose charms were their stock in trade.

I think one of the most interesting examples of this that I know of was the famous Lady Constance Richardson, daughter of the Earl of Cromartie, granddaughter of the haughty Duke of Sutherland, and, when she was a debutante, the favorite "youngster" in London society of King Edward.

It was in the great rambling studio building at No. 51 West Tenth street I first saw this distinguished Lady Constance. At that time all the world was buzzing with its gossip about her, for she had shocked the nobility of all Europe and the more conservative families in America by appearing at public gatherings in scantily draped interpretive dances.

First, in England, she had caused the doors of Windsor Castle to close on her and earned the snubs of the Queen by dancing bare-legged before a company of dukes and duchesses at Dunrobin Castle. When the displeasure of the Queen was expressed to her she only shrugged her shoulders and declared that "in that event she would take off some more clothes the next time she danced."

Then, in America, at a fashionable gathering at one of the exclusive hotels, she first amazed her audience and then aroused a laugh. It was Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt who laughed, and, of course, when fashionable Mrs. Cornelius laughed all New York society had to laugh, too. This laugh was occasioned by Lady Constance's appearance before her audience with only a Grecian drapery clasped rather loosely around her

One morning Adolph Weinman, the famous sculptor, who carved me into more marble perhaps than any other artist, met me with a smile when I appeared at his studio in the Tenth street building to continue a pose.

"Did you see the young woman who must have passed you in the hall?" he asked. I remembered I had seen a very pretty young woman—I supposed she was some artists' model released for the day and going home.

"She wanted me to pose her legs. She believes them to be the most shapely limbs in the world."

"Are you going to do it?" I asked.

"I don't know; I did not enthuse, and she promised to come back again to persuade me."

She did come back, and I, fluttering about the back of the studio, was present at this interview

She wanted to be "done" into a statue—"Something that will reveal the grace of my limbs. I want them to be perpetuated as they are to-day," she said.

She was ready to pay any fee the artist might desire. But Mr Weinman was an artist who worked not alone for the fees. He worked from inspiration only.

He was then doing an important work, his wonderful "Daphnis and Chloe," which now graces the halls of Devonshire House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. I was posing for Chloe. He was not at all keen upon halting this work to make way for Lady Constance's vanity. He eventually agreed, however, to make a bronze figure of her

She came to the studio a few mornings later. Perhaps a great statue might have been the result, for Mr. Weinman never did anything that did not become great, if it hadn't been for an incident of that morning.

She came well toward noon. Her secretary and her maid accompanied her, one carrying various costumes in handbags, the other various articles of the feminine toilette. Mr. Weinman's studio was at the end of a long stretch of narrow hallway, lit only by flickering gas lights and with barren floor. At a turn of this hallway Lady Constance and her party ran plump into a young woman. As they bumped into each other both the strange young woman and Lady Constance gasped. But Lady Constance gasped in surprise, while the other—well, she just gasped because she was out of breath.

The noblewoman's surprise was occasioned by the appearance of the unknown girl—who was wholly nude, just some slippers on. Lady Constance drew back, her secretary screamed, horrified; her maid gaped open-eyed. The other took another look and then giggled—positively giggled. Then she laughed. "Don't keep me standing here, folks, or I'll catch cold," she said, and brushed by—still giggling.

Lady Constance looked after her until she turned the corner of the hallway and was out of sight. She then flounced into Mr. Weinman's studio and very haughtily asked "What sort of place is this in which naked girls run about the hallways?"

When Mr. Weinman asked what she meant she explained the meeting in the hall. "Oh, that young woman," said Mr. Weinman lightly, "that was one of our best models—she usually checks her clothes at the door when she comes in in the mornings, and runs from studio to studio without them. She like to be ready, you know, when an artist wants her to pose."

Lady Constance wished to show that she did not believe in mortals less than noblewomen affecting scantiness of drapery. She said something about it "being shocking vulgarity for a young person with no pretense to refinement being so bold." This made Mr. Weinman angry—he was always loyal to his models, and believed we were worthy of more praise than some of the society women who frequented his studio. He said some very cutting things to Lady Constance, and virtually dismissed her from the studio.

Lady Constance continued her career as a dancer, shocking society and amusing theatre audiences.

In her audience at a fashionable gathering in a Fifth avenue home one afternoon there was a sculptor who had earned honors around the world as an artist of unusual attainments—Troubetskoy, the Russian prince who had won and married the beautiful Amelie Rives, the famous novelist. One of the movements in the titled lady's dance suggested a pose to the prince When Lady Constance was presented to him he asked her to come to his studio for tea. There he asked the consent to pose for him that was eagerly given.

The result was one of the most beautiful figures in bronze modern artists have accomplished. It is called "The Dancer," and has been exhibited around the world as a marvellous achievement of arrested motion.

When Lady Constance appeared for her pose Prince Troubetskoy very abruptly asked her to disrobe.

"Now, then, dance—just as if you were before an audience," the Prince commanded when she had removed her clothes. The studio is large and roomy. Prince Troubetskoy himself strummed the piano in the corner, giving her the rhythm. Lady Constance gradually lost the shyness that had come over her in the presence of this man, and finally was dancing perhaps as she never had danced before, completely forgetful of her lack of covering. The Prince watched sharply, his experienced eye catching every movement of the shell-pink body as it pirouetted in constant silhouette against the heavy velvet studio hangings.

Suddenly he stopped playing and both shouted and clapped his hands at the same instant. "There—that—on the toes, with the leg out. Do that again!" he cried. He had caught with his eye a posture that fascinated him. The dancer had raised herself on one foot, balancing on her bare toes, and had swung her other leg back until it reached out straight behind her, level with her back and shoulders, which bent forward—making a perfect horizontal line from neck to heel held atop the leg on which she balanced. It was Lady Constance's most difficult as well as her most graceful movement.

Again and again the dancer repeated this movement—each time having to precede it with the figures of the dance that led up to it, as it was a position she could not take abruptly or hold more than a few seconds at a time. When she tired the Prince told her to come again the next day, and that he would be ready to begin work.

Prince Troubetskoy had seen in this English noblewoman a type that is not common among models—in fact, a rarity She, of course, saw in herself that which the majority of women like to imagine they possess—the alluring loveliness of femininity. And so few women understand that it is just this type of appeal the sculptor and the painter dare not portray in their studies of the nude. If they do they descend into the gross, become anatomical and idealize flesh.

Prince Troubetskoy saw in the figure of Lady Constance just the ideal the sculptor admires—slenderness, delicacy, yet the fulness of muscle and line which reveals the feminine without exaggerating it. But he wanted more than a portrait, he wanted to embody a thought and fix into bronze a message—the ambition of every conscientious artist, he sought opportunity to convey the spiritual, the abstract; not the external of the body alone, but the body animated by the spirit within.

When Lady Constance appeared the next day the Prince had already set up the little mound of clay on which he worked in miniature, later making the life-size model from the smaller one. He explained what he wanted to do, to catch her in the movement that had caught his fancy. But he did not want the completed posture—the leg thrown back and balanced by the head and torso thrown forward. He wanted to catch her at the exact instant the leg raised in front of her to a right angle with her body preparatory for its sweep backward. Lady Constance declared she could not give him such a pose. The balance of her body would not permit her to hold her leg forward, stretched straight out, while she poised on her other foot, her torso upright, for even a second. She would fall if she attempted it.

"But that is just what we will get," said the sculptor.

It was very difficult for him to make a beginning.

Lady Constance, unhindered by clothing, so that the sculptor could detect the play of every muscle in her body, danced the movement again and again. As she had said, there was not an instant's inaction when her foot swung forward preparatory to sweeping back. It